

J. W. G. Blackstone, J. A. Bundick  
BLACKSTONE & BUNDICK,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Will practice in all the State courts.

THOS. W. RUSSELL,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Practices in the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.

L. FLOYD NOCK,  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Will practice in all courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.  
Prompt attention to all business.

E. J. Spady, T. W. Russell,  
Eastville, Va. Accomac C. H., Va.  
SPADY & RUSSELL,  
Attorneys-at-Law.

The above named attorneys have  
associated themselves together for  
the purpose of attending to criminal  
cases in the county of Accomac.  
The partnership is confined to  
criminal business.

OTTO F. MEARS,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Eastville, Northampton county, Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton.

Upshar E. Quinby, L. D. T. Quinby  
QUINBY & QUINBY,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Offices—Accomac C. H., and Onancock.  
P. O. Address—Onancock, Va.  
Telegraphic Address—Tasley, Va.  
Practice in all courts on the Eastern  
Shore of Virginia. Prompt attention  
to all business.

J. H. Fletcher, Jr., B. T. Gunter, Jr.  
FLETCHER & GUNTER,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
—Accomac C. H., Va.—  
Will practice in the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.

STEWART K. POWELL,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Will practice in all the courts of  
Accomac and Northampton counties.  
Office—Onancock, Va.  
Will be at Accomac C. H., every  
Wednesday and court days.

W. A. P. STRANG,  
—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Will practice in the courts of Accomac  
and Northampton counties.

DR. S. BLAIR WARD,  
—Operative and Mechanical—  
—DENTIST—  
Belle Haven, Va.  
Patients from a distance will please  
send payment by postal card.

DR. OSCAR F. BYRD,  
—DENTIST—  
Temperanceville, Virginia.  
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.  
Patients from a distance will please  
make engagement by postal.

DR. LEWIS J. HARMANSON,  
—DENTIST—  
Office—Next to Episcopal Church,  
Onancock, Va.  
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

DR. THOS. B. LEATHERBURY,  
DENTIST,  
—Onancock, Va.—  
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

BEN T. GUNTER, JR.,  
County Surveyor,  
Accomac C. H., Va.  
Surveying in Accomac and Northampton  
counties promptly done at  
moderate prices.

Kelly, Nottingham & Kellam  
GENERAL  
Insurance Agents,  
ONANCOCK, VA.  
All class of Insurance written in  
first-class companies.

Parker House,  
Cor. Clarke Ave. & Willow St.,  
Pocomoke City, Md.,  
A. PARKER, Proprietor.  
Hack meets all trains.

Marshall Hotel,  
Now Church, Va.,  
Charles H. Rowley, Proprietor.

Accommodations first class—terms  
reasonable.  
Livery of L. F. Marshall attached  
and as good as any on Eastern Shore.  
All trains met and passengers conveyed  
to any part of the Peninsula.

JOHN W. DUNCAN  
—JEWELER—  
North Street, Onancock, Va.  
It is well known now to all his customers  
and the public, having been in this  
business nearly ten years at this  
place, and judging from the continued  
increase in his business he must be  
giving satisfaction, and as business  
increases he enlarges his stock. You  
will find he is ready to furnish you  
with everything usually kept in a  
first class jewelry store.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all kinds  
and prices, Spectacles, Silverware, &c.  
Beautiful and elegant are our Gold  
and Silver Watches for ladies, gents  
and boys, of which he makes a specialty.  
Prices, as before, will compare  
favorably with any market in the  
United States. All work done in  
workmanship manner with improved  
machinery.

JOHN J. GUTHRIE, with  
J. H. SEWARD & CO.  
Produce Commission Merchants,  
—For the sale of—  
Sweet and Irish Potatoes, Fruits, Peas, Berries, Vegetables, &c.  
405 East Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letters J. H. S.  
References—Citizens National Bank, of Baltimore, also the leading  
business houses of this city.

J. L. BOND, with  
WALTER G. FENTRESS,  
Wholesale Produce Dealer and  
Commission Merchant,  
Pratt Street near Commerce, Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letter O

GEO. T. AMES & CO.,  
Produce Commission Merchants,  
14 E. Camden street, Baltimore, Md.  
Agents for Pungotrague and Cashville Farmers' Association.  
No drummers employed.

STANLEY J. LEWIS & CO., with  
A. O. W. MEAD & CO.,  
Commission Merchants,  
35 N. Market and 35 Clinton Sts., Boston, Mass.  
Sweet Potatoes a specialty.

NACIREMA,  
Best on Record.  
The Best Flour in America. Highest Patent. Nutritious in quality.  
Makes delicious. No housekeeper's supplies complete without it. Every  
barrel warranted. Get a barrel and be convinced that you have purchased  
the best flour money can buy. If your grocer does not handle this flour,  
insist on his ordering it at once, and take no other.

REMEMBER—  
NACIREMA—IS THE BRAND.  
James Myer & Co., Sole Proprietors,  
Wholesale Depot, 131 Cheapside, Baltimore, Md.  
F. W. BYRD, Salesman.

--F. T. & F. M. BOGGS--  
(Successors to Boggs & Groton.)  
ONANCOCK, VA.  
We keep constantly on hand a first-class stock of  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
Including—  
Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Notions, Fertilizers, &c.  
We call attention to our stock of Guano, Fertilizers, Seed Peas,  
Plows, Glass, &c.

Two car loads of Top and No Top  
Buggies, Jumpseats, Daytons, Phea-  
tons, and Road Carts, which we will  
sell below city prices.  
The largest stock and finest display ever kept on the Eastern  
Shore. All orders filled promptly for the above, and  
The Combination Fence, Tombstones,  
Iron Railing, &c.  
Kelly, Nottingham & Kellam,  
Onancock, Va.

We Have  
SHOES  
for men,  
for boys,  
for youths,  
for ladies,  
for infants,  
for children,  
for comfort,  
for wear,  
for tender feet,  
for dress,  
in tan, patent leather, white kid and  
black calf in gray, black and russet  
colors, for ladies' full dress.  
Call and see us while in town.  
Yours for wear,  
The Shoe Store,  
PERRY & CO.,  
POCOMOKE CITY, MD.

G. L. HURLEY & CO.,  
Wholesale Fruit & Produce  
Commission Merchants,  
Sweet Potatoes a specialty.  
14 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letters G. L. H.

Quick sales and prompt returns guar-  
anteed. Stencils furnished.  
References: Peoples Bank, Dun's Mer-  
cantile Agency.  
No Drummers Employed. Drummers'  
commission given to farmers.

W. R. BYRD & CO.,  
Commission Merchants in  
Early Fruits, Vegetables, Terra-  
pins, Wild Fowl, Eggs, Poul-  
try, and all kinds of  
Country Produce  
—211 Bowly's wharf, Baltimore, Md.—  
Shipping Letter "D."

J. E. Whittington N. J. Ward  
J. E. Whittington & Co.,  
Wholesale  
Fruit and Produce  
Commission Merchants,  
Peas, Berries, Sweet and Irish Potatoes  
specialties.  
No. 7 E. Camden Street,  
Shipping Letters "J. E. W."  
Baltimore, Md.  
Reference—Traders' National Bank.  
Geo. W. Winder Alex. Bond  
G. W. WINDER & CO.,  
Commission Merchants,  
—Dealers in—  
Fish, Oysters, Clams,  
—and—  
Country Produce.  
Irish & Sweet Potatoes special-  
ties  
15 West Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letter "W."

W. P. CUSTIS & CO.,  
—PRODUCE—  
Commission Merchants,  
Eggs, Poultry, Wild Fowl, Clams,  
Peas, Berries, Cabbage, &c.  
Sweet and Irish Potatoes  
a specialty.  
200 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.  
Reference—Peoples Bank of Baltimore  
Shipping Letter C

Barnet Bond's Son  
—General—  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Poultry, Eggs, Feathers, Hides,  
Dried Fruit, Oysters and Clams,  
Potatoes, Apples and Onions a specialty.  
Consignments solicited. Quick sales  
and prompt returns.  
Cheapside and Pratt St.,  
—Baltimore—  
References—Citizens National Bank,  
Baltimore, and Dun's Mercantile  
Agency.  
Shipping Letters "B. B."  
Commission 7 per cent.

R. L. PERKINS & CO.,  
—Wholesale—  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
—Dealers in—  
Fish, Oysters, Clams, and  
Country Produce.  
Irish & Sweet Potatoes special-  
ties.  
17 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.  
Shipping Letters A A

T. H. KEPNER & CO.,  
Produce  
Commission Merchants,  
14 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.  
Sweet Potatoes a specialty.  
Shipping Letter H.

E. S. WISE, with  
I. P. JUSTIS & CO.,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
5 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.  
Sweet Potatoes a Specialty.  
Fruits, Vegetables and Produce  
Shipping Letter "F."

Agents for the PUNGOTRAGUE  
FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

THE STAFF AND ROD.  
REV. DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SER-  
MON ON THE THRASHING PROCESS.

The Nature That Are Bruised Because  
They Will Not Be Thrashed—Human  
Mistakes and Omnipotent Accuracy—The  
Power of the Celestial Anodyne.

BROOKLYN, June 11.—Rev. Dr. Tal-  
mage chose as the subject for his sermon  
today "The Thrashing Machine," the  
text being from Isaiah xxviii, 27, 28, "For  
the fitches are not thrashed with a  
thrashing instrument, neither is a cart  
wheel buried about upon the cummin,  
but the fitches are beaten out with a  
staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread  
corn is bruised because he will not ever  
be thrashing it."

There are three kinds of seed men-  
tioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of  
the last we all know. But it may be  
well to state that the fitches and the  
cummin were small seeds like the cur-  
raw of the chickadee. When these grains  
or herbs were to be thrashed, they were  
thrown on the floor, and the workmen  
would come around with staff or rod or  
flail and beat them until the seed would  
be separated, but when the corn was to  
be thrashed that was thrown on the  
floor, and the men would fasten horses  
or oxen to a cart with iron dentel  
wheels. That cart would be drawn  
around the thrashing floor, and so the  
work would be accomplished. Different  
kinds of thrashing for different products.  
"The fitches are not thrashed with a  
thrashing instrument, neither is a cart  
wheel buried about upon the cummin,  
but the fitches are beaten out with a  
staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread  
corn is bruised because he will not ever  
be thrashing it."

THE THRASHING PROCESS.  
The great thought that the text presses  
upon our souls is that we all go through  
some kind of thrashing process. The  
fact that you may be devoting your life  
to honorable and noble purposes will not  
win you any escape. Wilberforce, the  
Christian emancipator, was in his day  
derisively called "Dr. Cantwell." Thomas  
Babington Macaulay, the ad-  
vocate of all that was good long before  
he became the most conspicuous histo-  
rian of his day, was caricatured in one of  
the quarterly reviews as "Babbington  
Macaulay." Norman Macleod, the great  
friend of the Scotch poor, was indis-  
criminatingly maligning in all quarters, although  
on the day when he was carried out to  
his burial a workman stood and looked  
at the funeral procession and said, "If  
he had done nothing for anybody more  
than his home for me, he should shine  
as the stars forever and ever." All the  
small virtues of London had their sting at  
John Wesley, the father of Methodism.  
If a man could not escape the malign-  
ing of the world, neither can you expect  
to be rid of the sharp, keen stroke of  
criticism. All who will live godly  
in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.  
Besides that there are the sick-  
nesses and the bankruptcies, and the ir-  
regularities, and the disappointments which  
are ever putting a cup of aloes to your  
lip. Those wrinkles on your face are  
hieroglyphics which, if deciphered,  
would make out a thrilling story of  
trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is  
seen in the morning on the snow, and on  
the white hairs of the aged are foot-  
prints showing where swift trouble  
alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of  
life trouble will sometimes break in. As  
when the people were assembled in the  
Charlestown theater during the Revolu-  
tionary war and while they were wit-  
nessing a farce and the audience was in  
great gratulation the guns of an ad-  
vancing army were heard and the au-  
dience broke up in wild panic and ran  
for their lives so oftentimes while you are  
seated amid the joys and festivities of  
this world you hear the cannonade of  
some great disaster. All the fitches, and  
the cummin, and the corn must come  
down on the thrashing floor and be  
pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches  
us that it is no compliment to us if we  
escape great trial. The fitches and the  
cummin on the thrashing floor might  
be taken to the corn on another thrash-  
ing floor and say: "Look at that poor,  
miserable, bruised corn. We have only  
been a little pounded, but that has been  
almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it  
had lips, would answer and say: "Do  
you know the reason you have not been  
as much pounded as I have? It is be-  
cause you are not of so much worth as  
I am. If you were, you would be as  
severely run over."

Yet there are men who suppose they  
are the Lord's favorites simply because  
their barns are full, and their bank ac-  
count is flush, and there are no funerals  
in the house. It may be because they are  
fitches and cummin, while down at the  
end of the lane the poor widow may be  
the Lord's corn. You are but little  
pounded because you are but little worth,  
and she is bruised and ground because she  
is the best part of the harvest.

The best of the thrashing machine is  
according to the value of the grain. If  
you have not been much thrashed in life,  
perhaps there is not much to thrash. If  
you have not been much shaken of trou-  
ble, perhaps it is because there is going  
to be a very small yield. When there  
are plenty of blackberries, the gatherers  
go out with large baskets, but when the  
drought has almost consumed the fruit  
then a quart measure will do as well. It  
took the venomous snake on Paul's hand  
and the pounding of him with stones un-  
til he was taken up for dead, and the jam-  
ming against him of prison gates, and the  
Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned  
ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering  
of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the  
Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his prop-  
er development.

It was not because Robert Moffat and  
Lady Rachel Russell and Frederick Oberlin  
were worse than other people that  
they had to suffer; it was because they  
were better and God wanted to make  
them best. By the carefulness of the  
thrashing you may always conclude the  
value of the grain.

HOW TO BEAR THE BURDEN.  
Next my text teaches us that God  
proportioned our trials to what we can  
bear, the staff for the fitches, the rod for  
the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn.  
Sometimes people in great trouble say,  
"Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear  
it. God would not have sent it upon you  
if he did not know that you could bear  
it. You trembled, and you swooned, but  
you got through. God will not take  
from your eyes one tear too many, nor

from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor  
from your heart one throb too sharp.  
The perplexities of your earthly business  
have not in them one tangle too intricate.  
You sometimes feel as if our world  
were full of bludgeons flying haphazard.  
Oh, no; they are thrashing instruments  
that God just suits to your case. There  
is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger,  
or a disappointment about goods that  
you expected to go up, but that have  
gone down, or a swindle of your  
business partner, or a trick on the part  
of those who are in the same kind of  
business that you are, but God intended  
to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh,"  
you say, "there is no need talking that  
way to me. I don't like to be cheated  
and outraged." Neither does the corn  
like the corn thrasher, but after it has  
been thrashed and winnowed it has a  
great deal better opinion of winnowing  
mills and corn thrashers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose  
my troubles I would be willing to be  
troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would  
not be trouble. You would choose some-  
thing that would not hurt, and unless it  
hurts it does not get sanctified. You  
are fond of children. You say, "Why  
does God send children to that other  
household, where they are unwelcome  
and are beaten and humiliated, when  
I would have taken them in the arms of  
my affections?" You say, "Any other  
trial but this." Your trial perhaps may  
be a disgraced countenance or a face  
that is easily caricatured, and you say,  
"Oh, I could endure anything if only I  
was good looking." And your trial per-  
haps is a violent temper, and you have  
to drive it like six unbroken horses amid  
the gunpowder explosions of a great hol-  
iday, and ever and anon you run away  
with you. Your trial is the asthma.  
You say, "Oh, if it were rheumatism or  
neuritis or erysipelas, but it is this  
asthma, and it is such an exhausting  
thing to breathe." Your trouble is a  
husband, short, sharp, snappy and cross  
about the house and raising a small riot  
because a button is off! How could you  
know the button is off?

Your trial is a wife over in contest  
with the servants, and she is so abashed  
that she is very careful about her ap-  
pearance in your presence once, now  
she is careless, because she said her for-  
tune is made! Your trial is a hard school  
lesson you cannot learn, and you have  
bitten your finger nails until they are a  
sight to behold. Everybody has some  
 vexation or annoyance or trial, and he  
or she thinks it is the one least adapted  
to him or her. "Anything but this," all say. "Any-  
thing but this."

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed  
to be compared to the thrasher? When  
John Rogers said the affairs of this  
world anyhow? Is it an infinite Medoc,  
or a sitting Bull savage, or an omni-  
potent Nana Sahib? No, it is the most  
merciful and glorious and wise Being in  
all the universe. You cannot teach Om-  
nipotence anything. You have fretted  
and worried almost enough. Do you  
not think so? Some of you are making  
yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the  
angels.

Here is a naval architect, and he draws  
out the plan of a ship of many thousand  
tons. Many workmen are engaged con-  
tinually for a long while. The ship is done,  
and some day, with the flags up and the air  
gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is  
launched for Southampton. At that time  
a lad 6 years of age comes running down  
the dock with a toy boat which he has  
made with his own jackknife, and he  
says: "Here, my boat is better than  
yours. Just look at this jibboom and  
these weathercock jacks! And he draws  
a little boat beside the great ship, and  
there is a roar of laughter on the docks.

Ah, my friends, that great ship is your  
life as God planned it—vast, million  
tonned, ocean destined, eternity bound.  
That little boat is your life as you are  
trying to live it out and fashion it and  
launch it. Ah, do not try to be a rival  
of the great Jehovah. God is always  
to the right, and in nine cases out of ten  
you are wrong. I do not know that the  
thrasher is just the thrasher. Can it be  
just the bankruptcies, just the crosses that  
it is best for you to have. He knows  
what kind of grain you are, and he sends  
the right kind of thrashing machine. It  
will be a rod or staff or iron wheel just  
according as you are fitches or cummin  
or corn.

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF.  
Again, my subject teaches us that  
God keeps trial on us until we let go.  
The farmer shouts "twice!" and the  
horses as sense the grain has dropped  
begin to stomp. The farmer comes with  
his fork and tosses up the straw, and he  
sees that the straw has let go the grain  
and the grain is thoroughly thrashed.  
So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel  
both cease as soon as we let go. We  
hold on to this world with its pleasures  
and riches and emoluments, and our  
knuckles are so firmly set that it seems  
as if we could hold on forever. God  
comes along with some thrashing trouble  
and beats us loose.

We started under the delusion that  
this was a great world. We learned out  
of our geography that it was so many  
thousand miles in diameter and so many  
thousand miles in circumference, and we  
said, "Oh, my, what a world!" Troubles  
came in after life, and this trouble sliced  
off one part of the world, and that trouble  
sliced off another part of the world, and  
it has got to be a smaller world, and  
in some of your estimations a very in-  
significant world, and it is depreciating  
all the time as a spiritual property. Ten  
per cent off, 50 per cent off, and there  
are those here who would not give 10  
cents for this world—for the entire world  
—as a soul possession.

We thought that friendship was grand  
thing. In school we used to write com-  
positions about friendship, and perhaps  
we made our graduating speech on com-  
radeship. Oh, it was a charming thing! But does it mean  
as much to you as it used to? You have  
gone on in life, and one friend has be-  
trayed you, and another friend has mis-  
interpreted you, and another friend has  
neglected you, and friendship comes  
now sometimes to mean to you merely  
another ax to grind!

So with money. We thought if a man  
had a competency he was safe for all the  
future, but we have learned that a  
mortgage may be defeated by an un-  
known person's incumbrance; that sign-  
ing your name on the back of a note  
may be your business death warrant;  
that a new tariff may change the cur-  
rent of trade; that a man may be rich  
today and poor tomorrow. And God,  
by all these misfortunes, is trying to  
loosen our grip, but still we hold on.  
God smites us with a staff, but we hold  
on. And he strikes us over the head,  
and we hold on. And he sends over us the

iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on.  
There are men who keep their grip on  
this world until the last moment, who  
suggest to me the condition and conduct  
of the poor Indian in the boat in the Ni-  
agara rapids coming on toward the fall.  
Seeing that he could not escape, a mo-  
ment or two before he got to the verge  
of the plunge he lifted a wine bottle  
and drank it off and then tossed the bot-  
tle into the air. So there are men who  
clutch the world, and they go down  
through the rapids of temptation and  
sin, and they hold on to the very last  
moment of life, drinking to their eternal  
damnation as they go over and go down.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes  
are in heaven. There are no absconding  
cashiers from that bank, no failing in  
promises to pay. Set your affections on  
things above, not on things on the earth.  
Let go! Depend upon it that God will  
keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or  
the iron wheel until you do let go.

THE STAFF AND THE ROD.  
Another thing my text teaches us is  
that Christian sorrow is going to have a  
sure terminus. My text says, "Bread  
corn is bruised because he will not be  
ever thrashing it." Blessed be God for  
that! Pounded away, O hail. Turn on,  
O wheel! Your work will soon be done.  
"He will not be ever thrashing it." Now  
the Christian has almost as much use in  
the organ for the story triumphant as he  
has for the trumpet. But after awhile  
he will put the last dirge into the portfo-  
lio forever. So much of us as is wheat  
will be separated from so much as is  
chaff, and there will be no more need of  
pounding.

They never cry in heaven because  
they have nothing to cry about. There  
are no tears of bereavement, for you  
shall have your friends all round about  
you. There are no tears of poverty be-  
cause each one sits at the king's table  
and has his own chariot of salvation  
and free access to the wardrobe where  
princes get their array. No tears of  
sickness, for there are no pneumonias on  
the air, and no malarial exhalations from  
the rolling river of life, and no crutch  
for the lame limb, and no splint for the  
broken arm, but the pulses throbbing  
with the health of the eternal God in a  
climate that is like the climate of Eden.  
The day after tomorrow before the blue-  
blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October be-  
fore the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over  
the different modes of thrashing. Oh,  
the story of the staff that struck the  
fitches, and the rod that beat the cum-  
min, and the iron wheel that went over  
the corn! Daniel will describe the lions,  
and Jonah liavians, and Paul the elm-  
wood whips with which he was scourged,  
and Eve will tell how she was scolded  
and how she was left, and John Rogers  
will tell of the smart of the flame, and  
Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled  
him up the sky steps, and Christ of the  
numbness and paroxysm and hemor-  
rhages of the awful crucifixion. There  
they are before the throne of God. On  
one elevation all those who were struck  
of the staff. On a higher elevation all  
those who were struck of the rod. On a  
highest elevation, and amid the highest  
altitudes of heaven, all those who were  
under the wheel. He will not ever be  
thrashing it.

Oh, my hearers, is there not enough  
salve in this text to make a plaster large  
enough to heal all your wounds? When  
a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to  
say to it, "Now, it will soon feel better."  
And that is what God says when he un-  
bosoms all the trouble in the hush of this  
great promise, "Weeping may endure  
for a night, but joy cometh in the morn-  
ing." You may leave your pocket hand-  
kerchief soppy with tears on your  
death pillow, but you will go up abso-  
lutely sorrowless. They will wear black;  
you will wear white. Cypress for them;  
palm for you.

You will say: "Is it possible that I am  
here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now  
I will never do anything wrong? Am I  
so well that I will never again be sick?  
Are these companionships so firm that  
they will never again be broken? Is that  
Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved  
one I put away into darkness? Can it be  
that these are the faces of those who lay  
so wan and emaciated in the back room  
on that awful night dying? Oh, how ra-  
diant they are! Look at them! How ra-  
diant they are!"

"Why, how unlike this place is from  
what I thought when I left the world  
below! Ministers drew pictures of this  
land, but how tame compared with the  
reality! They told me on earth that  
death was sunset. No, not in heaven!  
Glorious sunrise! I see the light now  
purpling the hills, and the clouds flame  
with the coming day."

Then the gates of heaven will be  
opened, and the entranced soul, with the  
acuteness and power of the celestial vi-  
sion, will look ten thousands of miles  
down upon the bannered procession—a  
river of shimmering splendor—and will  
cry out, "Who are they?" And the an-  
gel of God standing close by will say,  
"Come along and know who they are." "No,"  
says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess  
who they are." The angel will say: "I  
will tell you, then, who they are. These  
are they who came out of great tribula-  
tion, or thrashing, and had their robes  
washed and made white in the blood of  
the Lamb."

DROPS OF CELESTIAL ANODYNE.  
Oh, that I could administer some of  
these drops of celestial anodyne to those  
nervous and excited souls. If you would  
take enough of it, it would make you  
pale, and it would make you all the more  
to get through with this after awhile—  
all this sorrow and all this trouble. We  
shall have a great many good days in  
heaven, but I will tell you which will be  
the grandest day of all the million ages  
of heaven. You say, "Are you sure you  
can tell me?" Yes, I can. It will be the  
day we get there. Some say heaven is  
growing more glorious. I suppose it is,  
but I do not care much about that.  
Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory  
scene than the breaking in of the Eng-  
lish army upon Lucknow, India. A  
few weeks before a massacre had occur-  
ed at Cawnpore, and 200 women and  
children had been put in a room. Then  
five professional butchers went in and  
slew them. Then the bodies of the  
slain were taken out and thrown into a  
well. As the English army came they  
went into the room, and, oh, what a  
scene! The wall near the floor, showing that  
the poor things had crunched when they  
died, and they saw also that the floor  
was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers  
walked on their heels across it lest their  
shoes be submerged of the carnage.  
And on that floor of blood there were  
flowing locks of hair and fragments of  
dresses.

Ont in Lucknow they had heard of  
the massacre, and the women were wait-  
ing for the same awful death, waiting  
amid anguish untold, waiting in pain  
and starvation, but waiting heroically,  
when one day Havelock and Outram and  
Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel,  
the heroes of the English army—huzza  
for them!—broke in on that horrid scene,  
and while yet the guns were sounding,  
and while cheers were issuing from the  
starving, dying people on the one side  
and from the travel worn and powder  
blackened soldiers on the other, right  
there in front of the king's palace there  
was such a scene of handshaking and  
embracing and boisterous joy as would  
utterly confound the pen of the poet and  
the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated  
women, who had suffered so heroically  
for Christ's sake, marched out from their  
incarcerations one wounded English sol-  
dier got up in his fatigue and wounds  
and leaned against the wall and threw  
his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers,  
my boys, for the brave women!"  
Oh, that was an exciting scene! But a  
gladder and more triumphant scene will  
be when you come up into heaven from  
the conflicts and incarcerations of this  
world, streaming with the wounds of  
starving, dying people on the one side  
and from the travel worn and powder  
blackened soldiers on the other, right  
there in front of the king's palace there  
was such a scene of handshaking and  
embracing and boisterous joy as would  
utterly confound the pen of the poet and  
the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated  
women, who had suffered so heroically  
for Christ's sake, marched out from their  
incarcerations one wounded English sol-  
dier got up in his fatigue and wounds  
and leaned against the wall and threw  
his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers,  
my boys, for the brave women!"  
Oh, that was an exciting scene! But a  
gladder and more triumphant scene will  
be when you come up into heaven from  
the conflicts and incarcerations of this  
world, streaming with the wounds of  
starving, dying people on the one side  
and from the travel worn and powder  
blackened soldiers on the other, right  
there in front of the king's palace there  
was such a scene of handshaking and  
embracing and boisterous joy as would  
utterly confound the pen of the poet and  
the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated  
women, who had suffered so heroically  
for Christ's sake, marched out from their  
incarcerations one wounded English sol-  
dier got up in his fatigue and wounds  
and leaned against the wall and threw  
his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers,  
my boys, for the brave women!"  
Oh, that was an exciting scene! But a  
gladder and more triumphant scene will  
be when you come up into heaven from  
the conflicts and incarcerations of this  
world, streaming with the wounds of  
starving, dying people on the one side  
and from the travel worn and powder  
blackened soldiers on the other, right  
there in front of the king's palace there  
was such a scene of handshaking and  
embracing and boisterous joy as would  
utterly confound the pen of the poet and  
the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated  
women, who had suffered so heroically  
for Christ's sake, marched out from their  
incarcerations one wounded English sol-  
dier got up in his fatigue and wounds  
and leaned against the wall and threw  
his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers,  
my boys, for the brave women!"  
Oh, that was an exciting scene! But a  
gladder and more triumphant scene will  
be when you come up into heaven from  
the conflicts and incarcerations of this  
world, streaming with the wounds of  
starving, dying people on the one side  
and from the travel worn and powder  
blackened soldiers on the other, right  
there in front of the king's palace there  
was such a scene of handshaking and  
embracing and boisterous joy as would  
utterly confound the pen of the poet and  
the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated  
women, who had suffered so heroically  
for Christ's sake, marched out from their  
incarcerations one wounded English sol-  
dier got up in his fatigue and wounds  
and leaned against the wall and threw  
his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers,  
my boys, for the brave women!"  
Oh, that was an exciting scene! But a  
gladder and more triumphant scene will  
be when you come up into heaven from  
the conflicts and incarcerations of this  
world, streaming with the wounds of  
starving, dying people on the one side  
and from the travel worn and powder  
blackened soldiers on the other, right  
there in front of the king's palace there  
was such a scene of handshaking and  
embracing and boisterous joy as would  
utterly confound the pen of the poet and